Good as Gold

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Good as Gold

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Stay Gold/Trainer bar bathroom fucking

Notes

I'm running out of corny title phrases with the word gold in it please help

I'm still not gay I would not be gay with him I'm not gay I would not have gay sex with a man especially not stay gold I am responsible and I would not catch feelings and fuck my trainee and drink with him and get married and spend our life together and get attached and have kids and love him and hold him close and go through a heart breaking divorce as we grow further and further apart

Take this no more stego after this I need to write other things and other drafts like tmasc stay gold

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

"You did it again, old man," you chuckled, the sound coming out thicker than you intended. You reached out, your fingers snagging on the royal blue cloth draped around his arm—the same blue that had crossed the finish line just a hair's breadth behind the winner. "Silver. Do you have a closet full of those medals, or do you just melt them down for spite?"

Stay Gold let out a low, raspy laugh that vibrated in his chest. He turned his head, those violet-gold eyes locking onto yours with a clarity that shouldn't have been there considering how much he'd poured down his throat in the last hour.

He reached up, his small, gloved hand brushing a stray lock of hair from your face. His fingers were warm, smelling of the grass from the turf.

"Second place is the best seat in the house just so you know," he purred, his voice a velvet scratch. "I get to see the winner exhaust themselves while I've still got plenty of wind left for... other things. Besides, you're the one who looks disappointed. I thought you liked taking care of the underdog."

"What I like, is winning," you countered, though your hand moved from his arm to the nape of his neck, feeling the soft ochre tips of his hair. "And you're hardly an underdog. You're a demon on the track when you want to be. Probably older than half the faculty too."

"And yet," he whispered, leaning in so close you could feel the heat radiating off his petite frame, "here you are. Drinking with the 'old man' instead of celebrating with the rest of the kids at the podium. You've got a type, Trainer. I can tell."

He didn't wait for an answer. He got off his bar stool, his height barely reaching your shoulder, but his presence was enough. He grabbed your hand, his grip surprisingly strong, and began leading you toward the back of the bar. The walk was a fumbled mess of tangled limbs and suppressed giggles. You bumped into a table, and he caught you, his hands sliding down to your hips for a lingering second before pulling you along.

The bathroom door swung open with a groan of the hinges. The air inside was cool and damp, illuminated by a couple, flickering overhead lights. As soon as the door clicked shut behind you, Stay Gold spun you around, pinning your lower back against the counter of the sink.

"Still want to talk about the race?" he asked, his voice dropping an octave.

You didn't answer. You reached for him, your hands finding the harness crossed over his waist, the leather thin and warm. You pulled him into you, your lips crashing against his. He tasted like ginger, and whiskey, and… confidence. His tongue sought yours with a playboy's expertise, a smooth, quick feel that made your knees buckle.

He broke the kiss just long enough to mutter, "Not here," before ushering you into the largest stall at the end.

The space was cramped, the walls covered in layers of scratched-in graffiti. Stay Gold backed you into the corner, the hard plastic of the partition biting into your shoulder blades. You were significantly taller, broader, but in this space, he was the one in command.

"Look at you," he teased, his hands sliding under your jacket, his palms flat against your shirt. He looked up at you, the white strand of hair in his bangs falling across his forehead. "So big, so ambitious... and you're shaking. Is the 'old man' too much for you to handle without a stopwatch?"

"Shut up," you breathed, reaching down to grab his face, your thumbs tracing the line of his jaw. "You talk too much for a guy who couldn't even find the win today."

He grinned, a flash of white teeth in the gloom. "I found exactly what I wanted."

He reached up, his fingers hooking into your collar, and pulled. He didn't just want a kiss; he wanted a surrender. You leaned down, your spine curving to meet him, and he met you halfway, his mouth devouring yours. One of his legs slid between yours, his knee pressing firmly into your thigh.

You groaned into his mouth, your hands wandering frantically over his trench coat, feeling his forehead against your own as he shifted his angle. He was all over you, his hands moving with a frantic, restless energy—one hand tangling in your hair, pulling your head down further toward him, while the other wandered lower, squeezing your waist with a proprietary grip.

"You're always so busy taking care of me, Trainer," Stay Gold whispered against the skin of your neck, his breath hot and damp. He nipped at your pulse point, a sharp sting that sent a jolt straight to

your core.

"Washing my stuff... making sure I'm on time... it's about time I did something for you, don't you think?"

He looked up at you then, his eyes shimmering with a predatory playfulness. He knew exactly what he was doing to you.

"Stay…" You let out a shaky breath, your lip caught between your teeth as Stay Gold's hands slid up beneath the hem of your shirt this time. His palms were scorching against your skin, mapping out your ribs slowly.

He buried his face further in the crook of your neck, his star-streaked bangs tickling your skin before he pressed his face into the fabric over your chest. You could feel the humidity of his breath through the cotton, followed by the firm, wet pressure of his lips as he nuzzled against you. He was scenting you, you could tell, making a low, satisfied sound in the back of his throat that sounded far more pleasant than you'd ever say aloud.

"You're... you're so smug," you hissed, your voice cracking. You reached down, your fingers tangling in his dark brown hair, catching the ochre tips and pulling back just enough to force him to look up at you. "You think this is funny? Getting your Trainer worked up in a dive bar bathroom?"

He let out a sharp, self-satisfied chuckle. "I think it's a victory. And you know how much I love a good silver finish... though tonight, I might just go for the gold."

You let go of his hair, but your hands stayed on his shoulders, gripping the distressed fabric of his coat until your knuckles went white. He resumed his assault, his hands wandering lower, his fingers hooking into the waistband of your pants. You couldn't help it—a low, irritatingly desperate moan escaped your lips, echoing off the cramped walls.

"Stay... damn it..."

Suddenly, he stopped. The movement was jarringly abrupt. He pulled back just a few inches, his hands resting on your hips, a devastatingly knowing smirk spreading across his face. His eyes dropped, tracing the lines of your body until they settled on the undeniable, heavy bulge straining against the fly of your pants.

"Well, well," he purred, his voice dripping with mock surprise. "Look at that. And here I thought I was past his prime. Seems like I've still got enough kick in me to get a rise out of you."

He tightened his hold a little more, his hand cupping you through the fabric, his thumb tracing the length of your erection with agonizing slowness. You buckled, your head hitting the wall behind you with a soft thud.

"You're… haaah… y-you're just as bad," you gasped out, trying to reclaim some shred of dignity even as you leaned into his touch. You reached down, your hand finding the front of his black dress pants, feeling the hard, hot reality of his own arousal pressing back. "And don't act like you're some innocent bystander. You're just as bad. You're a pervert, Stay. A dirty, old pervert."

"Guilty as charged," he whispered, his eyes dark and hungry. He leaned in, his nose brushing yours. "But this old pervert is the only one who knows exactly how you like to be handled, isn't he? You're rock solid. What does that say about you, Trainer?"

He squeezed, a firm, possessive grip that made your vision white out for a second.

"It says I'm going to have a hell of a time explaining the scratches on my back tomorrow," you countered, your voice a ragged whisper.

Stay Gold laughed, a sound of pure, unadulterated mischief. "Don't worry. I'll make sure the performance is worth the penalty."

Your hands were a clumsy, frantic mess as you reached for the harness crossed over his waist, your fingers snagging on the leather straps. He was just as impatient, his small, powerful hands tugging at your belt with a drunken ferocity that nearly had you stumbling back into the toilet.

"Slow down, you old... fuck," you groaned, the insult dying in your throat as he finally ripped your zipper down.

He didn't just pull your pants down; he practically stripped you, his hands shoving your underwear to your knees in one fluid, aggressive motion. You returned the favor, fumbling with the buttons of his pants until they gave way. When he finally stepped out of them, his petite frame was a roadmap of muscle and history, his skin glowing like polished bronze in the flickering light.

And then you saw it. For his height, the "Silver Collector" was packing a hefty weight, already hard and leaking pre.

"See something you like?" Stay Gold purred, seeing your eyes widen. He didn't wait for an answer. He stepped in between your legs. He reached down, his fingers wrapping around your length and his own at the same time, bunching them together.

The first point of contact was electric. He began to frot them together, the slick, sliding friction of skin on skin making your head snap back against the wall. It was a slippery, heavy grinding, his thumb working the sensitive heads of both your cocks as he stared up at you with those molten violet-gold eyes.

"Look at you," he teased, his voice dropping into that smooth, playful drawl. "My big, scary Trainer, practically begging for my hand. You're so hard, you're shaking. Does it hurt, being this desperate?"

"Shut up and... and keep doing that," you gasped, your hands finding his shoulders, digging in to hang on. You started your own rhythm, your hand joining his to stroke the two of you off in a messy, frantic blur. "You're such a pervert, Stay. Always... always showing off."

"Only for you, Trainer," he whispered, leaning up to nip at your earlobe, his hot breath sending shivers down your spine. "Come on. Show me how much you want it."

The pace quickened, the sound of slick, wet friction filling the stall. You were drowning in him—the scent of him, the weight of his powerful legs anchoring you, and the sheer, overwhelming sensation of your cocks sliding against each other slick with pre. Your vision began to fray at the edges, the world narrowing down to the white-hot point where your bodies met.

"Stay—I'm... I'm gonna—"

"Do it," he commanded, his grip tightening, his thumb pressing hard against your tip. "Right here in my hand. Do it for me, Trainer."

You broke. A drawn out, low moan escaped your throat as you came, your body bucking against the wall as you painted his hand and the side of his thigh in hot, thick pulses. Your knees went weak, your forehead dropping onto his shoulder, your breath coming in ragged, shallow hitches.

But Stay Gold wasn't done. He didn't stop. He kept his hand moving,

milking the last of your release while his other hand worked his own length with a focused, predatory intensity. He was panting now, his "laidback" demeanor finally breaking as he approached his own limit.

"God, you... you're such a mess," he groaned, his voice thick and guttural. He was stroking himself with a finesse that spoke of decades of experience, his eyes blown out. "Look what you did... look how much you took..."

He gave one final, slow tug, his body tensing until every muscle in his frame rigid. With a low, animalistic growl, he went off. He came in massive, heavy ropes, the sheer volume of it catching you off guard as it coated your hand, splashed across your own spent dick, and ran down your stomach in hot, white streaks.

He slumped against you then, his forehead resting against your chest, both of you panting like you'd just sprinted a mile on a track. The silence of the bathroom returned, punctuated only by the drip of a faucet and your synchronized, heavy breathing.

After a long minute, Stay pulled back just enough to look at you. He was a disaster—hair mussed, goggles askew, and covered in the evidence of your shared indiscretion. But that smug, golden smirk was already crawling back onto his face.

He reached out, his thumb swiping a glob of his own cum off your stomach, as he laughed.

"Looks good on you y'know, couldn't have painted it better myself." he whispered, his eyes sparkling with that familiar, twisted mischief.

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